

# Medieval House Robes in Wake of Fifteenth-Century Fashions

**Artificial Warmth in Home Ceases to Be Important, as Use of Materials of Substantial Character Is Revived—Present Movement Too Strong to Be Limited to Festal Finery, But Strikes Deep Into Wardrobe—Entire Robes of Furs Taken Up by French Women, Who Sometimes Use Coats That Have Seen Better Days—Short Fur Garments Turned Into Victorian Combing Sacques.**

artificial warmth was invented by man.

The purists seem to believe that modesty and personal privacy are inherent qualities of human nature; that their absence reduces on to the lowest human level. But history does not teach any such doctrine. Modesty has come about through applied science. In countries where the adoption of man's inventions for comfort are unknown, the thing we call modesty does not exist. One might say that the advent of coal changed the characteristics of humans. Present civilization is based on artificial warmth.

As the dressmakers have gone back about five hundred centuries, we must study what these medieval women wore. They have reached out a finger from the past and taken us by the hand. There is a tremendous impulse toward the repetition of medieval costumery throughout the fashionable world. In heating the air for something that would stimulate the public into a new appreciation of clothes, designers turned toward the stretch of centuries which immediately preceded and included the renaissance.

Therefore the mass movement of costumery is now away from pre-war severity toward medieval ornamentation, extravagance, color, warmth. Those other ladies could not wear chiffon in winter, nor did they wear thin crepe kimonos. Influenced by costumery of these centuries, the designers offer us warm materials, long sleeves, high collars, fur-trimmed garments. Even high Roman boots with fur are peeping over the horizon.

Today we do not restrict velvet, fur, duvetyne to gala occasions or cold afternoons in fashionable streets. The medieval movement is too strong to be limited to festal finery. It strikes deep into the wardrobe and persuades us to be fashionable and comfortable in room robes of velvet fringed with fur, lined with flannel, and decorated with the various minor polities that furriers have launched in lieu of precious furs. Entire robes of fur have been taken up by French women. Sometimes they use coats that have been taken up by French women—admirable trick in economy. The coat that cannot be seen in public can be worn in private, if lined with a gay fabric, then belted or sashed in brilliant manner.

Short fur coats have been turned into Victorian combing sacques. These are a revival of importance. Beige caracul, pony skin, squirrel and moleskin that have seen better days and must be retired are cut into these square sacques. The lining is blue, yellow or green crepe de chine; the fastener is of some old metallic ornament. Long fur coats have been made into serviceable horse jackets with a colorful lining and a sash of equal gayety.

The woman who has not such garments of past grandeur at her disposal is keeping up with the medieval movement by making room robes of velvet, brocade and duvetyne. She is glad that fashion at last permits her to combat cold weather with kimonos that keep one comfortable. The majority of us have depended on satin, Japanese silk, figured cotton and flowered silk for bathrobes and

wrappers, even though we shivered. Not until a year ago did the majority of women turn their thoughts to protective room robes. One or two coats strikes had their effect, and the present half-ratins of coal do not keep houses at the appalling temperature which Europeans have learned to dread in American buildings.

WE, the supposedly healthy race, are the only civilized peoples to live in superheated atmospheres like the Russians. Our public buildings, shops, theaters, motion picture houses give us a temperature which is flat,

stale, hot. We speak contemptuously of the manner in which Russians live, yet we do the same with less cause.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell should have put in her memoirs the delightfully extravagant stories she entertained us with in her American days. She once said she wondered why a pitcher of ice water was put on a glass tray by the bed at night, then she realized that the ice was for her brow, the tray to place beneath her head; these kept her from suffocating.

In warm clothes lies health, for the woman in a warm robe is apt to turn off the radiator and lift the windows. By so doing she may borrow medieval strength. Doctors and hygienists should join with costumers in promoting the new fashion.

There is such a drastic change in house apparel this winter that it has revived such old fabrics as flannel and such antique furs as marabou. Time was, in Victorian days, when each woman possessed short sacques of quilted satin, lined with flannel and ornamented with marabou. For decades we have classed these garments with blue Bristol glass, wooden birds in gilt cages, fire screens of tapestry. We relegated them to the shadows so completely that the younger generation now regards sacques of Chinese brocade, lined with duvetyne and decorated with marabou, as a new, modern invention, therefore excessively desirable.

Furriers in Paris put out combing sacques at a time when houses were partly heated, when women needed the warmth of medieval sleeping clothes. They made them of silk, of crepe de chine, of brocade; they lined them with white rabbit. They were worn inside out or outside in.

In one of the beauty parlors in the Rue St. Honore, in Paris, these fetching garments, built of brocade, were spread over the chairs to catch the eyes and the dollars of American women. The shrewd American woman looked them over, appraised them well, and imitated them with scraps of material when she came home.

They really made an admirable bridal gift. Remember them when your mind is perplexed at the receipt of a new invitation. If one cannot easily get the white fur, substitute for it crepe de chine or duvetyne. The outside can be made of brocade or the new flowered oriental silks. The edges hold bands of fur or colored marabou. The latter is dyed to give brilliancy to the garment and is more fashionable than fur. A trousseau house coat is of green brocade edged with green marabou and lined with French army blue crepe de chine. It reaches to the knees and has wide

## Menu for a Day.

**BREAKFAST.**  
Compote of Prunes  
Omelet with Cream  
Scrambled Eggs with Sausage  
Buckwheat Cakes Coffee

**LUNCHEON.**  
Ham Croquettes with Green Peas  
Hot Biscuits Boiled Potatoes  
Spiced Cookies Tea

**DINNER.**  
Cream of Pea Soup  
Special Pot Roast  
Scalloped Cheese and Rice  
Baked Stuffed Potatoes  
Winter Fruit Salad  
Mince Pie Coffee



AT LEFT: ROOM ROBE OF YELLOW BROADCLOTH, LINED WITH FRENCH ARMY BLUE VELVET, GENEROUSLY TRIMMED WITH VELVET EMBROIDERY IN YELLOW FLOWERS, ACCORDING TO THE VIGNONNET MANNER. AT RIGHT: KIMONO OF BROCADE, IN SOFT YELLOW, GRAY AND BLUE, WHICH IS LINED WITH THIN PINK FLANNEL AND BANDED WITH GRAY FUR.



HOUSE GOWN FOR YOUNG BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU. MADE OF MAUVE CREPE DE CHINE, LINED WITH THIN MAUVE FLANNEL. THE SASH GOES THROUGH SLASHES IN THE MATERIAL, THE FLORAL DECORATION IS OF VIOLET RIBBON.

of the best grocade negliges is lined with old blue flannel and decorated with gray fur. A yellow broadcloth kimono is lined and decorated with faded blue velvet. The designer copied a trick of Madeleine Vionnet in applying yellow cloth flowers to the velvet surface.

The costly kimonos are lined with fur and fashioned of crepe de chine or thin brocade. Paris had a mania last September for lining all garments, except frocks, with fur. Chanel offered fur-lined sweaters for

outdoor garments. One can dispense with the heaviness of a coat and wrap a broad Angora wool scarf around the neck, which is matched by a helmet hat. Scarfs and hats are both touched with the Russian influence in their embroidery of applied cloth flowers.

Perugia of Paris has modified an ancient slipper to go with these medieval house robes. It is only for the woman who likes to be capricious, but it has a strong allure. Its sole is an inch thick, brightly lacquered; there are colored heels of wood, one at each end. It is strapped to the foot in the ancient manner.

Other slippers bought for these robes are purely Indian. They made their appearance in New York in a superbly costumed play, "The Yankee Princess." The vamp of these slippers is of old suede, the heels are lacquered and around the instep and ankle are straps of blue and silver. By the way, the Indian tunics in this play, also the skirt of an Indian princess, indicate the course of new garments Paris is sending to America today. The difference is that the Indian skirt drops over net trousers, whereas the French skirt has a panel of material in front.

(Copyright, 1922.)

## Sherbets.

Sherbets are an excellent addition to the more-than-usually elaborate dinner, for they add much in festivity without adding much either in bulk or in cost. Here are recipes for some sherbets that are delicious:

**Mint sherbet** is good with lamb in any form. Pour two cups of boiling water over a bunch of bruised, fresh mint leaves. Cover and let it stand fifteen minutes on the back of the stove to infuse, then add one cup of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, strain, cool, add two-thirds of a cup of grape juice and a quarter of a cup of lemon juice. Freeze to a mush-like consistency. Serve in glasses, ornamenting the top of each glass with a crystallized cherry and sprig of mint.

**Pineapple sherbet** is a good addition to any meal. To make it, peel and chop a large pineapple, or else peel and grate it. Cover with two cups of sugar, and let stand until a sirup has formed. Add half a package of soaked and dissolved gelatin and a cup or more of cold water. The juice of half a lemon may be added if desired. Freeze.

**Orange sherbet**, likewise, is always good. Boil together for half an hour two and one-half cups of water and one and one-half cups of sugar. Cool, add the juice of five oranges and one lemon, and freeze.

A Chinese woman who has arrived at Saigon, in French Indo-China, claims to be the oldest person in the world. At the age of 131 she traveled from Haiphong, the chief seaport of Tongking, to Saigon, which place she had expressed a wish to visit before dying.

## Listen, World!



WRITTEN AND  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
ELSIE ROBINSON

HESTER REYNOLDS hasn't any children and doesn't want any. "Can't be bothered with them," says Hester, who has a dozen iron in the art fire, all white hot. "I'm doing more for the world than I could by giving it babies," and with this sanctimonious salvo for her conscience she dismisses the whole subject. Dick, her husband, doesn't dismiss it quite so easily, although he has long since stopped trying to argue it out with Hester. Always did have a longing for a "little shaver," did Dick. Wanted it to carry on the family name—and go fishing with him sometimes. But art is long and babies are fleeting. So there are no children in Dick Reynolds' home.

Zelda St. Claire has no children and doesn't want any. But Zelda has a figure instead, and a complexion. They're both very expensive to keep up, but such a comfort at tea dancings.

Mary Smith and Rita Higgins have no children, but they do want them. Mary is ill, and Rita "can't afford them" on the precarious salary of a crippled bookkeeper.

So there you are. And how about it? Does it concern you? It most certainly does, for on the decisions of the Hesters and the Zeldas, the Marys and the Ritas of the country hang the future of the world. So here's where we argue "e question: Is childbearing a purely personal matter?

Is it a family affair or a national concern?

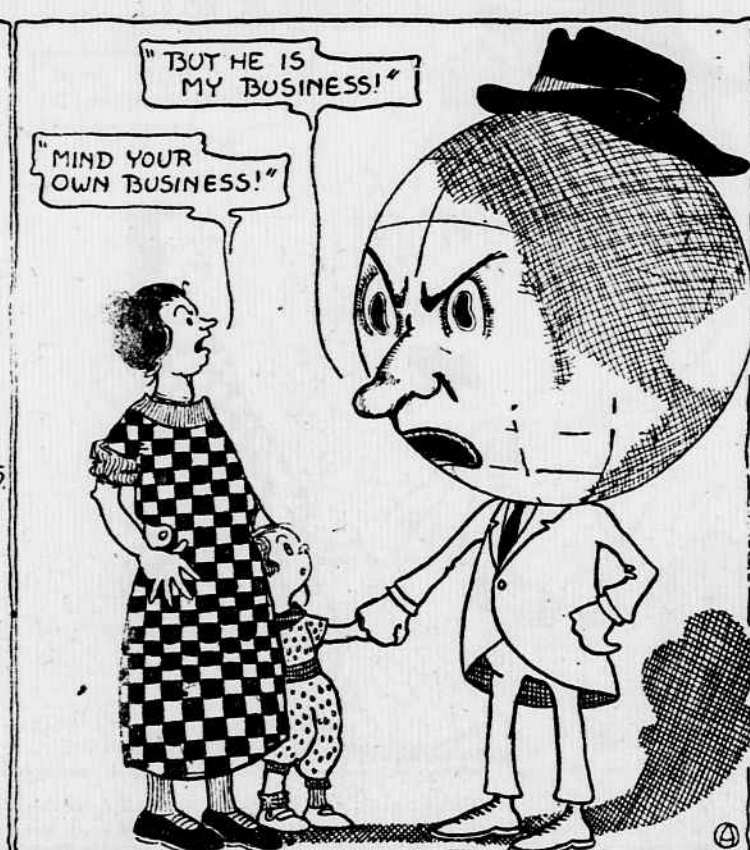
Is it "nobody's business but her own" whether a wife becomes a mother or not?

For those mothers to whom nature has denied the joy of their own children there can be only pity. For those, too, who "cannot afford babies" there is also pity, but pity coupled with a righteous rage against a society which makes such a condition possible. But for the mother who "can't be bothered" who prefers a complexion or a career—what do you think of her today?

YOU MAY PICK YOUR OWN RELIGION, OR YOUR POLITICS AND SHOES, AND YOUR TASTE IN BOOKS & PICKLES MAY BE ANYTHING YOU CHOOSE—

YOU MAY BOSS YOUR WIFE OR AIREDALE, AND NO MAN WILL SAY YOU MAY, OR INDULGE IN FREAKISH PLEASURES WHICH TURN MID-NIGHT INTO DAY.

BUT IN ONE GREAT OCCUPATION MANY CENSORS YOU WILL FIND, IN THE JOB OF RAISING BABIES YOU MUST ANSWER TO MANKIND!



is vitally and inevitably the concern of the nation, and more and more is the nation insisting that we shall view it from this wider angle.

By nation I do not mean the conglomeration of political parties functioning under one specific flag. I mean the great commonwealth of men organized to forward the processes of civilization, regardless of creed, party or platform. To that great assembly, to that great dream, is the mother responsible. And it, in its turn, is responsible to her.

"That sounds very fine," snorts Mrs. Jim Murphy, "but your great commonwealths of men won't pay for little Jimmie's shoes and your vast dreams won't send Peggy through college."

No, they don't. More shame to them. Nevertheless, through national legislation all humanity is beginning to serve its servants. Organized society does now take a hand in the rearing and guarding of the child, which it did not dream of doing some two generations ago. In some states

eugenic laws protect its birth. In some states the mother's pension has already come; not the wholesale payment and support which will come some day, but at least a partial payment. The illegitimate child and his mother are now being protected.

Juvenile courts and juvenile aid societies guard and direct the delinquent or abused child. We have legislation against child labor and child marriage—free playgrounds, compulsory education—a thousand safeguards where none existed before.

We are on our way. May we not loiter when the children call in need!

In the meantime, are women to refuse to do their part simply because conditions are not perfect for their protection? I think not! The woman who cannot give her child a healthy body or adequate support is, at present, entirely justified in not having that child. But the wife who can, by some measure or sacrifice, perhaps manage to support it, is not justified if she refuses to have that

child. It is unfortunate that the nation has not as yet awakened to the full measure of its responsibility toward her. But that in no way absolves her from her duty toward the nation.

And childbearing is a woman's duty to the nation, provided she can do it in health and economic safety. The woman who won't do it is a slacker. She has failed her country, but she has failed herself worst of all.

She herself pays the most terrible price in the end. For a few years of comfort she relinquishes an infinite dream. None of us can tell whether our soul's life shall extend beyond the grave, but of all human beings the mother has least need to worry over that question. For she has tasted immortality while still in the flesh. She has laid her hand on the generations to come—she has placed her mark on the things that men shall do in all the years that are to be. In comparison to this, what is a "gritlike figure" or an unwrinkled skin?

(Copyright, 1922.)